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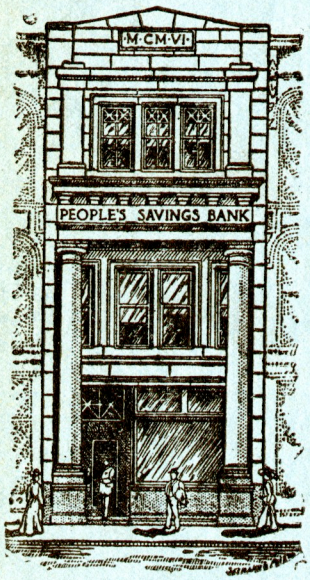

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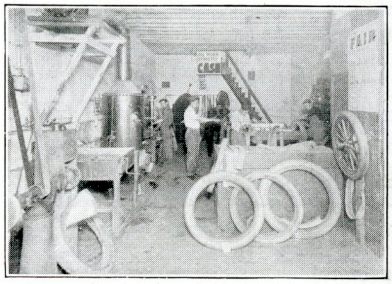

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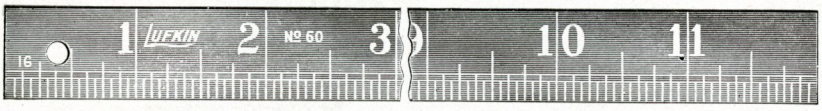

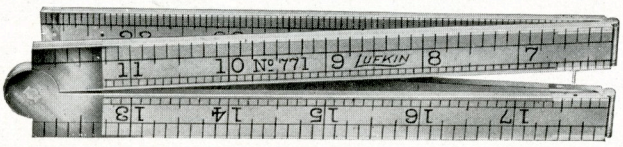

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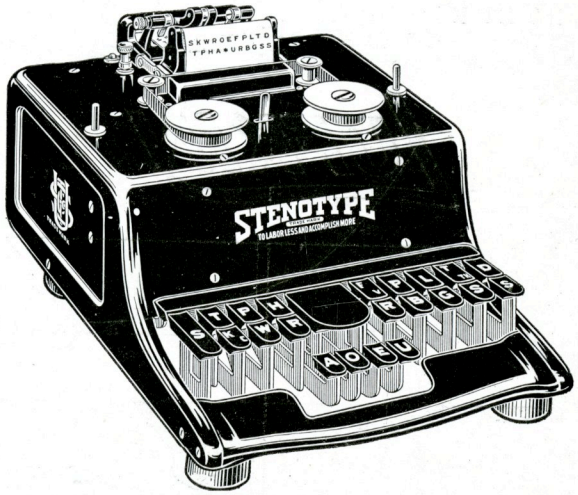

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JIM HARRIS

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THE BASEBALL SQUAD

STUDENT LANTERN

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Kat.

WITHOUT a side glance, Katrina and Sam marched past Greta and Perry as they strolled along.

"O Katrina," Greta called. But Katrina walked stiffly on. "Perry," cried Greta, "she knows about us. She will tell father."

"They'll all know as soon as we can get up to the house," he rejoiced.

"No, no; not yet. Listen. What does she say?"

Greta," called Katrina, "did the Vater go to town today?"

"There! She will tell him."

"Let me go right now, Greta. He can't refuse if we are both determined and then—"

"No! No! You do not understand. Call her back, Perry. She must not tel. The Vater will be furious as it is."

"Katrina! Come here!"

Katrina half smiled to herself as she waited for them to come up.

"Katrina, you must not tell father."

"For why not?"

"Look here, Katrina," Wayne broke in, "this is our affair."

"I do not understand," Katrina smiled back at him.

"Whatever you've managed to find out by your everlasting spying about your sister and myself, is none of your affair. She's done me the honor of promising to marry me," Wayne explained shortly.

Margretta flushed. "Katrina, you should not be so cruel. You know the father will be angry and it is my right to wait until he does not feel so antagonistic."

"Ya, but the Vater is so lonesome and he will be so interested in what I saw on the cliffs," she laughed at them as they gasped and was off down the path before they could answer.

"If you'd let me go up now, Greta, I'd either get his consent and be done with worrying, or we'd have to get along without it."

"Herr Wayne," Greta gasped, "never could I be married without my father's consent. No, no; you must do as I say. Vater is not used to this American way where the children decide for themselves. You must not say anything unless he does, for often, if he is much against anything, and if he has time to think about it before he expresses his opinion, he changes his mind. He has always let us have our own will a good deal, but—but in this case—he—has already decided—for me, and it will be hard for him to change his mind, so he must have time to think things over in his own mind before he becomes excited and makes his decision irrevocably."

"There he is now, Greta."

"Yes, and there is Katrina. She is telling him. I did not think that she could be so 'unartig. See how interested he is. Why does she hold out her arms so? Oh!" and for the second time Margretta Blessing studied the stones at her feet as if bending her head low enough she could check that ever-rising crimson tide. "See, he is striding up and down as he does when he is excited. Oh, Perry, I am afraid."

"Greta, dear, you must not let yourself go like that. Just let this rest in my hands and don't wory. We'll cross the bridge when we get to it. There are a good many different phases to this thing and I'm sure your father can be brought round to the light of reason."

"So, Greta," her father greeted them, "you have been out taking the air; and you, too, Herr Wayne?"

"Yes, we have been along the lake shore," said Perry feeling like a hypocrite while he obeyed Greta's injunction to let matters take their own course.

"So? Along the cliffs?"

Greta gasped and steeled herself for the ordeal and Wayne stepped forward, but she held him back. "Perry, you must not."

"Katrina has been telling me a most extraordinary story of what she saw there," Herr Blessing went on, not seeming to notice Greta's agitation. "I can hardly believe it."

"But I saw it, Vater; with my own eyes I saw it," Katrina put in.

"Yes, but sometimes the eye is deceived, mein schafshen."

"Na, no, Vater, they were there."

"Oh, Katrina's eyes didn't deceive her," put in Wayne resolutely but bitterly. "That child was a veritable trouble-maker."

"Herr Wayne!" the old man exclaimed, "you, too, were there, were you not? Then you shall tell me about it."

"There," thought Perry, "of course I was there. Such a silly question"

"It's like this, Mr. Blessing," Wayne began in spite of Greta's whispered pleading, when the old man broke in excitedly:

"Is it as Katrina says? Tell me quickly."

"Oh, Katrina's told you just how things are, all right," Wayne said bitterly.

"Katrina," exulted the old man, "I shall hang them in my study."

"Wh-a-at?" gasped Greta and Wayne.

"Yes. In my study they shall hang. But now you must excuse us. Greta should read to me. On the morrow you must come again. I shall need you." And Wayne was politely dismissed.

"He is a nice young man," said the father as they turned to watch Wayne on his way home, "but Ach! he is so slow." And he smiled down at Katrina.

"He is not so much," grunted Katrina, "but Greta likes him."

"He is very nice," murmured Greta as her father turned to her. "Such a man as one might marry," she suggested.

"Margretta!" her father frowned, "it is not seemingly for a young Fraulein to discuss such things."

"But Vater, he is very nice, and I know that he is a good man."

"For my daughters, I would have men with true German ideals and principles. Men who put worth before gold, and right before gain. But such a man as he who wastes his time and does no honest toil—, never."

"But, father, he is only on his vacation and he does work hard during the year. He is connected with the State Health Department."

"So? Na, that is not so bad. But he is taking a long vacation."

"Ach! Vater, this is 'such a beautiful country.' He enjoys to be by himself among the trees and rocks where there is no one to trouble him."

Katrina grinned.

"Ah, then, my daughter, you must not disturb the man so much if he likes to be alone. No doubt your chatter has distracted him and that accounts for his strange manner."

"But, Vater," Greta persisted, "he is a good man."

"Margretta," her father frowned, "one would almost think that you were in earnest. But come, we will not discuss such an impossibility."

"Good heavens!" thought Wayne, as he strolled homeward, "the man must be mad. He fairly exulted when he said he'd hang us in his study. What a gruesome joke. For that's all it can be. Those Germans have no sense of humor. He's old though, his mind must be weak. You bet I will be there tomorrow. He probably just meant to scare us. That wretch of a Katrina is responsible for all this. Brat!"

Next afternoon as Wayne was going the rounds of the stable, Sam rushed past him excitedly and yelled to the groom, "Hey, Hanson! You got any strong rope? Old man Blessing wants some."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Wayne. "Hey! Sam, wait, wait a minute," he yelled, as Sam started off with it.

"What does he want with it?" he asked as he caught up.

"I don't know," Sam answered. "He's actin' kinda crazy like. There he is now, rubbin' his hands and chasin' 'round. I haven't seen Miss Greta all day," he added as an afterthought, with a side glance at his brother.

"You haven't!"

"Guten Tag, Herr Wayne, I am glad you came. I am just needing you. Come, you shall see." And he lead the way into the house.

Half fearfully Wayne followed. "Where is Miss Greta," he asked.

The old man frowned at the question. "Fraulein Margretta? She is busy with her garden or some other occupation as every one should be. See, there they are. Are they not wonderful?"

On the table lay two huge weather-worn antlers. "Er-er, yes, they are very fine. But what are you going to do with this rope?" Perry asked in a daze.

"Rope?"

"Yes. This rope that you sent Sam after."

"Ach! I sent Sam for no rope." The old man regarded him half suspiciously but with a wave of his hand he dismissed the whole matter.

"But," Wayne thought, "Sam did say that rope was for Herr Blessing. He was talking with Katrina just before he came in. And they were laughing and whispering! Those two kids are up to something. What on earth should Sam make me carry a rope over here for? I thought the old gentleman had gone mad. All day yesterday Katrina and Sam were snickering and whispering." He shook his head. "I can't make it out."

But Herr Blessing was going on with his explanation. "Yes. First must I send them away to be mounted before I can hang them in my study."

Wayne started, but Herr Blessing went right on, "Ah long have I desired to possess a pair of antlers like these. When Katrina told me yesterday I could not believe. She showed me the spread with her arms. It seemed unbelievable, but it is true."

"Is this what you are going to hang in your study?" Wayne asked.

"To be sure. What then?" Her Blessing asked impatiently. This American was so slow. One would almost think that he thought that he was going to be hung in the study.

"Then Katrina—"

"Ei, Katrina found them. She was taking a round-about way home from the cliffs. Why, I know not. She saw them imbedded deep in the moss and leaves of the forest. This morning we went and got them."

"Oh, yes, they are fine, fine, very fine; best I have ever seen," Wayne rambled on in a daze until Herr Blessing's stare caught him up.

"What do you think of this affair of the Lusitania, Herr Wayne?"

"It was criminal! heathenish!"

"What was? The carrying of United States passengers as a shield by Great Britain?" sarcastically.

"No! The deliberate and wanton destruction of a helpless merchant ship engaged in the business of carrying hundreds of passengers, many of whom were neutrals and citizens of the United States," Wayne answered. "I'm not going to change my opinions for him just because he can make things unpleasant for me," he thought.

"And we Germans can say also, It is criminal; it is not right; it is inhuman, when the United States sends hundreds of tons of ammunition and shot to Great Britain to be used on the German soldier. How many thousands of our brave fellows give up their lives because of an American bullet? England's Hindus and Kaffirs must be supplied with bullets for the Germans; England must have all the foodstuffs the United States can afford to export; but Germany—. Germany is criticized and hissed at for even daring to protest. Your government needs only to make official declaration of war against Germany. All her other resources are already in the field against the Germans. Ships and aircraft built in the United States prey on German merchantmen. The ammunition of the United States mows down the German line. The foodstuffs of the United States supply the shortage caused in England because of a lack of workers. The United States flag waves over British ships carrying contraband and, worst of all, citizens of the United States are used as a shield by Great Britain for bringing in arms and also as a means of entangling the United States into a war against Germany. With what delight the English government would hail a declaration of war by the United States! You would be her blood brothers. If England were not so anxious for the United States to go to war, she would have taken better care that the lives of the people on board the Lusitania were protected better than they were. There would have been a convoy for the ship and mine sweepers. Why were not these precautions taken? Why were so few lifeboats launched? Because Great Britain thought if the calamity is terrible enough, the United

States will be forced into a war. And your government, he went on bitterly, "your government swallows the whole affair and cries for more. Pah!"

Perry jumped to his feet. "Herr Blessing, our government doesn't need any instructions or advice from barbarous Germany," he said hotly. Then as he saw the old man's eyes flash as he rose to his full height, he nodded shortly, "I will bid you a very good day," he said ungraciously taking his leave. And as he turned away the lines in the old man's face softened and his eyes twinkled mischieviously, but only for a second.

"Now I have done it!" he thought. The Lusitania is listed as an auxiliary cruiser and it did carry contraband, but bother the Lusitania. I've got a quarrel with Germany closer home. Somehow I can't get along with Germans, that is, not that family, or anyway not with anyone but Greta. Golly! It's just like it was in Lincoln's family. Greta has run off with all the good qualities the family ever had or may ever hope to have. Oh, yes, I have put my foot in it. I can see Vater Blessing 'welcoming' me as his future son-in-law," and Perry thought long and hard on ways to appease Vater Blessing for he knew that Greta was a dutiful daughter; but the way seemed dark before him. Then, too, there was that cat of a Katrina to worry about. She naturally would tell the old gentleman and arouse his anger against them.

"All the same, Greta," Wayne reiterated several days later as she showed him about the grounds, "I'm sorry I didn't tell him right then and there. I feel pretty much like a cheat not to."

"I know. I know, Perry, it does not seem exactly honorable, but all the same I am glad you did not tell him. A dozen times he has said to me that he was happy in the knowledge that his daughters would always do as he wished them to. So much has he spoken of this marriage question and of the duty of a daughter to take her father's advice in regard to the man she marries. So you see he must first be made to-to-desire you for-for a-a son-in-law."

"Oh, yes," murmured Wayne. Oh, yes, he must first be made to desire me for a son-in-law. Then I might just as well give up working for his consent. He will never desire me for anything but-but dog feed."

"Perry!"

"Yes. I was brilliant enough to get into an argument about the Lusitania with him. 'Course we didn't agree and I said some things I shouldn't have said. I can understand his way of looking at it better now."

"Ah! That explains it. Last night he said to me, "Greta, that young Wayne thinks we are barbarians and heathens, and Katrina said, 'No, no, Vater, that cannot be. He would not desire to marry a barbarian.' But he

did not, as you say, 'catch on.' A dozen times has she so almost told him. I have been in misery for he is so sharp and yet he has not even suspected."

"So," said Katrina, as she rounded the path and stood before them accusingly. "So this is where you spend your time while I pine away my time alone. Ya, Ya," she said sadly, "you used to like to be with me but now you better like your American who insults my father. Na, you need not move now. You may have my scarf, Greta, if you are so cold you must have your hands warmed." Without any regard for Greta's confusion and apparent hurt at her words she stood and regarded them quizzically.

"If you would tend to your own affairs, you busybody," Wayne grumbled.

"Ah! What the Vater thinks of you, Herr Wayne! I do not think he will allow Greta to be with you any more." She shook her head ominously. "If he but knew how things are, he would fight you with that pretty sharp sword that hangs in his study. Ah, Greta, and he trusted you so, and I too. For two years, Greta, he has promised Von Dorf that you should be his wife. If you do not marry him I can never be happy again, for I can never, never ride in his car again, and he will go away and then I will have no bald head on which my pretty bugs can exercise. Greta, Greta, you have betrayed us all. Long, long, Max has brought me pretty candies that I might speak a good word for him to you. You, too, Greta, have eaten of them, and now you play me such a trick. No more candies will Max bring me." Sighing and shaking her head sadly, she turned and walked away.

"Should the Vater say 'No,' and should I not obey him—; ah! that would be terrible." Greta turned to Wayne sadly, "I know not what to do. I am afraid, Perry, that if it is against the Vater's will, you-you-you must give me back—my word. I cannot go against all our customs and traditions and inborn habits. I can not dispute my father's will. He has always governed us wisely and kindly. It is hard."

"Look here, Greta; if your father had no objections, it would be all right with you, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, look here; the only objection he will have will be that he doesn't want you to marry me; that he has made up his mind that you are to marry someone else; that our opinions differ in some things decidedly, but he can't make any real strong objections about my character or my habits or anything like that. I say that without conceit, Greta. I know what my life has been and though I have many faults, they are not large and without remedy. I would not have dared to speak to you Greta, if I did not know that I am capable of becoming worthy of you. Your father doesn't have to marry me or put up with my habits. Then why in the name of all that is reasonable

should he have to be satisfied first at all costs? If you married me against his will, he'd soon get used to it. He couldn't put you out of his life because you are a part of it. He would only have to re-adjust himself a little. But if you didn't marry me—. Oh, Greta! If you didn't! Why I would only exist; I could not live. I would—; but it means so much I can't attempt to describe it.

"I, too, would only exist."

"Say you will, Greta, no matter what happens; say you will."

"Nun vas!"

Startled, they turned. There on the path stood Herr Blessing and Katrina, hand in hand.

"The little cat," thought Perry. "She went right back and brought him here."

Frightened, Greta drew her hands away and they both arose as the old man strode to meet them, and stood waiting for Wayne to speak.

"Herr Blessing," Wayne began, riveting his glance wildly on Katrina as she intertwined her father's fingers, wondering desperately how a fellow went about it and what to say and what not to say. Herr Blessing, I-I-er-I would ask you for the honor of your daughter's hand in marriage."

"Ah," the old man nodded at Katrina, "so he would marry a barbarian."

Wayne flushed. "I beg your pardon, sir, for what I said yesterday."

"And you, my daughter," he asked sternly, turning to Greta. "Have you, too, so far forgotten the ways of respect and duty that you do not know or care what is due a father? You know my desires. Are you willing to go against all my wishes for this American?"

"It shall-shall be—as-as you wish, Vater; but, oh! do not be hard."

"So," he nodded, half satisfied. "So. Na, I am glad that this has gone no farther. That at least I became aware of it at once."

"But you didn't." Wayne burst out, tired of this hiding behind words and eager to have the thing settled in the only way that it could be settled. "I asked Miss Greta six days ago and this isn't—"

"So!" the old man broke in sharply, "and you Greta?" he demanded sternly.

"Vater," she said determinedly, bracing herself, "I have given my word and I mean to keep it. I thought I could not go against your will, but there are some things we can not control."

"Ya, ya, so it goes. In my old age my own daughter disobeys me." He nodded sadly.

"Vater!" Greta cried.

But he seemed not to hear her. Turning to Katrina, he swung her on to a bench. "What shall I tell them, you informer? What of poor Von Dorf? Should I shoot or hang him?" indicating Wayne.

"Vater," reproached Katrina, "you promised to be nice. The poor things think you have been in earnest all the time."

"You have a good representative for your cause, Herr Wayne. You have a most excellent 'friend at court.' For two weeks she has been besieging me."

"Two weeks!" gasped Greta.

"Ei," he laughed. "She knew which way the wind blew. She shall yet be a diplomat. For two weeks have I been watching and testing this young man. I have found that when given your own will you are truthful and also not afraid." He laughed heartily as if at some pleasant recollection. "It has been most amusing, and yet—" he frowned, "yet I do not know what—."

"Vater" broke in Katrina, "it is like this: You and I see the flowers and the trees and the birds. Those two see only each other. If you separate them the one will be blind and the other will not be able to see. Better it is that their minds become slightly warped with thinking of one thing only than that their hearts become cracked with longing."

"Ya," times have changed. It is I who am ruled by my daughters. But, so be it my children and as the years pass by and youth is no more, may you find hidden gardens of eternal youth in each others hearts."

"And Vater," confided Katrina, as they strolled up to the house, "as for poor Von Dorf, do not worry. He likes me much. He has so told me and I am not so young."

Author's Note:—The author has been "complimented" by the insinuation that these stories are not original. Truth compels a denial of this unjust accusation.

SIEBEL'S
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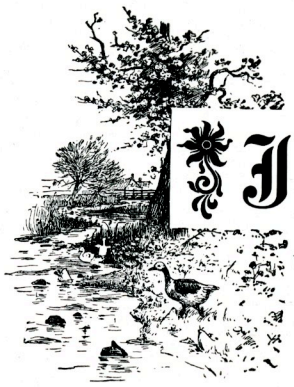
The Capitulation of Aunt Zenobia



IT WAS a beautiful day in June when the odor of the flowers was sweetest, and life seemed worth while, that the Carringtons sat upon their vine-covered porch enjoying the view of their pretty garden. By the Carringtons, I mean Mrs. Jean who was idolized by her husband Mr. Jack.

"Jeannie, this is such a wonderful afternoon, I can't compel myself to go back to the office, so I think I'll just stay here and rest my dreadfully worn out nerves," laughed Jack."

"That will be perfectly wonderful and we'll have a little lark this afternoon just as if we were children playing truant," replied Jeannie, dancing around the porch.

"But mercy!" she returned, looking as serious as she could from her sparkling eyes and bewitching yellow curls. "what would your Aunt Zenobia say if she knew how we are wasting our time? And you know that she objected to your marriage with me because I couldn't cook nor darn your socks."

"If Aunt Zenobia ever sees you, she will forget all the objections she ever had," he remarked gallantly and continued. "Now just for the fun of it, please put on your regalia that you are to wear at the 'Charity Bazaar, so that I will be able to find you among that gorgeous array of dolls that you are supposed to sell to-morrow."

Jeannie, who was adored by everyone who knew her and whose servants worshipped her, skipped off to do as she was bidden. Soon Jack heard a sound from the doorway and turning in his chair, he beheld a picture which quite dazzled him. For there was Jeannie arrayed in a pale blue silk dress which looked as though it had been fashioned for a big doll. She resembled a beautiful child of twelve from the tips of her tiny low-heeled slippers to the crown of dancing curls which hung down her back in a coy manner.

"Well!" gasped Jack, "that is a stunning outfit. I am afraid that you will be mistaken for one of the dolls. Although I don't believe any doll would present the charming picture that you do."

"Jack, do stop your nonsense, you are making me blush as red as a—a peony," she dimplingly said. "But who can that be coming up the drive

and I in these ridiculous clothes. Mercy I haven't time to change now," she cried in dismay.

Jack peered down the drive up which an elderly lady was approaching and gasped,—"It's Aunt Zenobia!"—

"Oh Jack, what will she say?" almost wailed Jeannie.

"Never mind, dear, make the best of it?" comforted Jack. I'll go to meet her and you stay here."

Jean's ears tingled with the greeting which she heard him receive.

"Well, Jack Carrington, this is a nice way to treat me! Didn't you get my letter telling you I would be here? I thought I had better come and see how you and your feather-brained wife were getting along."

By this time they were on the porch; Jean stood in the background, figeting like a child. Aunt Zenobia saw her.

"Jack," she said, "you never told me that your wife had a younger sister living with you. Come here child so I can see you. Well, Jack, if I'd been you I would have waited for her to grow up instead of marrying her sister. Thank you very much dear, I never can find my hat-pins. But what is your name?"

Jack and Jean had been nervous by trying to correct her mistake, but she would always interrupt them. The best thing they could do now was to let it pass.

"Jeannie," she meekly answered.

"What a babyish name for a goodlooking girl," she remarked sitffly.

"Well, I am going to leave on the evening train, and I wish to see the house and see how your sister manages it, I know she is not at home or she would have made her appearance by now."

"But—," interrupted Jeannie.

"Never mind, dear, I'd rather make the inspection with you," cut in Aunt Zenobia. Now let us see the kitchen first so come along child."

So Jeannie started off resignedly with Aunt Zenobia, and Jack dropped into a chair and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Well, this is fierce," he groaned. Wait until she finds out!"

Let us follow Jean and Aunt Zenobia. The kitchen was spotless, which showed dear Aunt Zenobia that Jack's wife, at least, knew how to choose servants and manage them. They arrived at the sewing room and the austere one made straight for the work-basket and started to lift the cover. Jean's heart sank, because only that morning hadn't it almost been necessary to sit on the cover in order to close it?

But wonder of wonders, when Aunt opened the basket. There was only one pair of Jack's socks left unmended. Jean could have kissed Marie, her maid, whom she knew had done this.

"My dear, I thought your sister couldn't sew," questioned Aunt.

"But, dearest Aunt Zenobia, my sister is trying very hard to learn, because I told her that you disapproved of helplessness," said she.

"Well," thought she, "perhaps she isn't so careless and thoughtless after all."

When they had finished the inspection of the house, they returned to the porch. Now it was Jack's turn to entertain her, while Jean went to see about lunch. This was Jeannie's chance to make an impression, and she proceeded to carry it out to the best of her ability.

Aunt Zenobia said the lunch was delicious, when she wasn't scolding Jack for being at home when he should have been at work. By this time the Austere One said that she would have to go, so Jack ordered the car around.

As she was standing on the steps, giving last bits of advice to Jack, she said, "Jeannie won't you come and pay me a visit next week? I do hope your sister resembles you."

"Jeannie can't go unless I am invited too," calmly said Jack.

"Indeed, I'd like to know why?" snapped Aunt Zenobia.

"Because," smiled Jack, "Jeannie is my wife."

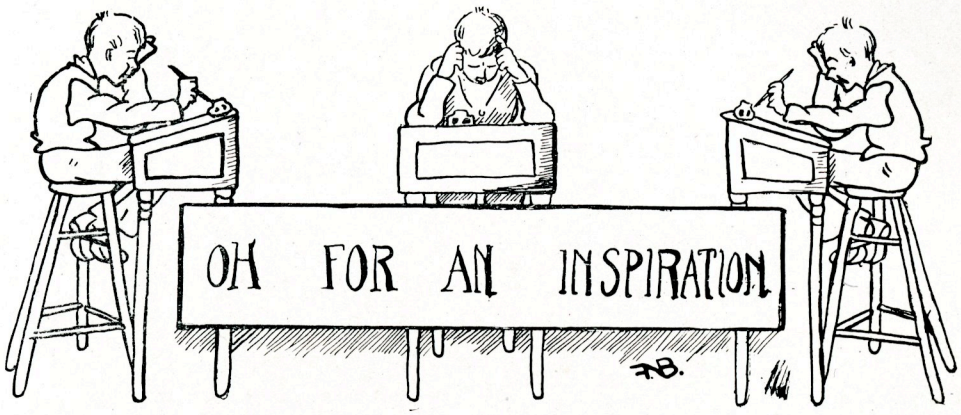
"Jack Carrington, you are fooling me, you don't mean that dear child is your wife?" gasped poor Auntie.

"Yes, Auntie dear," said Jeannie, "I am. Jack and I have been trying to explain the situation, but you gave us no opportunity. Won't you stay and get acquainted with me now as Jack's wife, and forgive me for just learning how to darn Jack's socks?"

"Well, my dear, indeed I will," she said. "It isn't important that I go home tonight. Jack Carrington," this in a severe tone, "why haven't you a housekeeper for your wife so that she won't have to mend your socks?"

Thus we see the complete capitulation of Aunt Zenobia to lovable Jeannie.

VIOLA JOHNSON.



$99^{44}/_{100}\%$ Pure Lie.

Our hero has no little Fairy in his home;
And now he won't be happy till he gets it.
So upon a sunny Monday he did roam
Through Jap Rose bushes that have not scratched yet.

At last in a district where lived rough laboring men,
Who turn day into night inside the mines,
He entered through the Colgate, a search to begin,
Be it in filth or air pure as the pines.

A Mr. Williams thought that he could satisfy:
His only daughter would he give away,
But she had temper and would flash a wicked eye,
So he can't Palm Olive off for aught he'd say.

His journey leads him now into a tropic land,
Where fruit dealers export their wares away.
A packer's tar gave our brave hero, his Ann's hand;
She's very She's very pure and 'pears a fine lady.

STUDENT LANTERN

PUBLISHED EVERY SCHOOL MONTH BY

Saginaw High School Lyceum

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Address all letters, stories and other communications to

STUDENT LANTERN,

Saginaw High School, SAGINAW, MICH.

Au Revoir.

This is our last issue. We hope sincerely that it is received as gladly as were the other issues, thus making a successful year. No doubt the Lantern flickered more or less certain during the year due to the lack of oil and the quality of it. That is for you to judge. But one thing is certain, the Student Lantern of the years '14 and '15 represents the best effort of the staff.

At the first of the year we vowed to be different. Perhaps we were to a certain degree. We declared not to waste ink on worthless material. Who can say we did? But greatest of all, we swore to maintain the same degree of excellence that has marked the Student Lantern of the past nine years. And we fervently believe we have.

And so with these thoughts in mind, let us say farewell, for after this issue the staff will no longer hold their exalted positions but will

become mere students in the different grades. Goodbye to the library where we spent many weary hours of toil lighting the Lantern. Goodbye to the librarian who will no longer know us by our offices. Goodbye to the drawers to which we must now surrender our keys and in which the valuable Student Lantern material is secreted until it is carefully conveyed to McCron's printing office. Goodbye to Mr. McCron, the kind benefactor of the Lantern, and also one, John, without whom the Student Lantern would never be out on time. Goodbye to the man at the linotype machine, and also the cheerful boys at the presses. Goodbye to the happy girls who assemble the pages. Goodbye to Miss Kitchen, who grants slips to the editor that he may carefully peruse the material in the large and spacious library. Goodbye to Mr. Mitchell, the kind trustee of the Lantern and one of the finest men in school. And then finally we come to say goodbye to the best friend of the Student Lantern, Mr. Warner. Goodbye to him who has carefully read over each month's material and had made helpful suggestions. Goodbye to that one who has wished the greatest welfare to our school paper. Goodbye and farewell to you, Mr. Warner, and all the others herewith mentioned for with today's sale we are no longer lawful members of the Executive staff of the Lantern. Goodbye to each and everyone.

The Aurora.

With the sale of the Aurora, the activities of the Senior class begin to draw to a close. And so to make a fitting finish, the class has put forth the most noble efforts to publish the best Aurora ever. Moreover, they have succeeded. The Aurora is one of the best ever. Clean, wholesome jokes and stories in plenty, cuts galore, and innumerable other articles fill the pages. The Senior class has done its best. Now let every other class prove to be a live one, so we have an unprecedented success in our sale.

Our Stenographer.

This is to praise the stenographer of the Student Lantern. It is she who has labored diligently to typewrite the material so that it may more easily be read at McCron's printing office. She surely deserves a great deal of credit. We hope that the editor of next year will find as capable a person to typewrite the material.

Seniors.

You are about to step out into the world. You are even now making preparations for leaving that institution which for twelve years has

guided your thoughts and endeavors, and you are going to put what you have learned in those twelve years to the test. You are going to find whether you have gained or lost by your education, and the chance is that you will find the schools have been a profitable investment for you. How many will go to college and continue their course of study? It will indeed be fortunate if fifty per cent of your class can take this step and it is to be deeply regretted that all of you can not do so. However, experience is in itself a teacher and the world is the schoolroom of experience where you must learn your greatest lessons. Work, some of you must, and you are indeed fortunate who can go out into the world and earn your own living without depending upon some one else. It is no shame upon any man or woman to earn an honest living even though to do so may require doing hard and dirty work. Work builds character, and the character of its citizenry is what determines the standard of a community.

Boys, there are several fields open to you who must now go into the world to support yourself. You may take up any one of dozens of occupatinos, some requiring brain, some brawn, and others both. Each one of you has some pet line of work which he likes to tackle, and your first effort should be to find a position that will gratify your tastes, for you can not do justice to yourself and your employer unless you take an interest in your occupation. Business men complain that the high school boy has no initiative, that he must be told how to do everything and when to do it hundreds of times, and that in a pinch he does not know what to do. To some extent this statement may be true, but you have it in your power to overcome this reputation. Strict attention to orders right from the start will give you a fair show to learn the business rapidly and also to gain your employer's confidence. Do not shiver every time your boss looks in your direction and think he is about to jump upon you. Your own mind must tell you whether you have been doing you duty and whether you deserve a "bawling-out." You should respect your employer; but that does not mean that you must cower at his every look. Business men do not want to employ cowards. They want young men who will do their best and stand upon their own merits; they don't want grovelers and hypocrites. If you are told a thing once, remember it and watch the man ahead of you; see what he does and always prepare yourself for the unexpected; in this way you can acquire initiative. To some extent it is wrong

for employers to expect a boy to know what to do in every emergency, but then these men have a right to expect some common sense in a person who has had the benefit of twelve years of good schooling. If you are fortunate in landing a lucrative position where the work is not hard and you can wear a linen collar every day, don't look down on your former classmate who goes to work in soiled, torn clothes and who gets his face black while attending to duty. His job is every bit as honest as yours and the work must be done. You should never be above taking or giving help. One of the greatest assets to a successful business career is to have plenty of friends. You will not lose by meeting and knowing men whose influence will be good and elevating. **By all means, don't be ashamed to mention your mother's name in public.**

Girls, for you the same advice will apply generally, excepting that your occupations will differ widely from those of the boys. Three or four departments of occupation stand out prominently for you; you may do office work; you may become a cook; you may choose dressmaking as a profession; and still again you may become a teacher or a nurse. You need not be ashamed to accept any one of these occupations. Your school training has, in a measure, fitted you for all of them. Experience will apply the smooth finish and then your character will decide your success. If anything, to accept a position as cook or maid in some household, is one of the most fitting things you can possibly do. The home is generally conceded to be the woman's care, and the man's part is to provide the necessities for its upkeep. You may retain your self-respect as a cook just as well as though you were working as a typist, and there is no shame to be experienced in either occupation. If you decide to become a teacher, your education will have to be extended to some extent, and you will also need further training if you wish to become a nurse. Obedience and strict observance is the main essential in starting a successful career. **Above all things, don't grow away from your family, and do not let success turn your head.**

To boys and girls: **Don't be afraid to dirty your hands if you are doing it honestly, and don't ever be too good to help a beginner after you have made your mark. Efficiency counts. Chained ability is a liability. A quick brain and a willing hand will never count against you. Your diploma is your greatest reference in going out into the world, so don't be afraid to show it.**

E. J. K., An Alumnus.

GRADUATION

THE SENIOR PLAY IS A GREAT SUCCESS
SCENE FROM ACT III
BANDEMER
WHO STACKED THE BOOKS ?
APPLAUSE
"HACK" ADDRESSES THE LYCEUM
WOW! THAT WAS A JUICY ONE
EARTH'S CURVE
"BARON" HUSS WILL PROBABLY BE WITH THE DUCKS NEXT YEAR.
SOME CLASS!
GUDRITZ IS ELECTED TRACK CAPTAIN AFTER THE FIRST MEET
TO COLLEGE
MANY OF OUR "GRADS" WILL BE HEADED THIS WAY NEXT YEAR
schmelzer 1915

Rhetorics

DEBATING

For the first time in the history of Saginaw High, a triangular debate between Saginaw, Arthur Hill, and Bay City High Schools was scheduled to take place April 23. Owing to the illness of the Bay City team, Arthur Hill and Saginaw were the only participants.

The question debated was, Resolved, That the United States should have a government-owned merchant marine.

The Saginaw affirmative, composed of Waldo Granse, leader, Frederick Schmidt, Jr., and Carrol Wenger, debated at the East Side High School against Arthur Hill's negative, composed of Earl Ganschow, leader, Herbert Lee and Jay Orr. Saginaw's negative team, composed of Ralph Morley, Jr., leader, Arthur Winston and Gordon Wilbur, debated at Arthur Hill against Wyatt Harper, leader, Walter Stark, and Lloyd Morris.

The decision of the judges was in favor of Arthur Hill in both cases.

Saginaw High may justly be proud of its debaters. Their arguments showed that they had a good knowledge of their subject. The delivery was splendid and the rebuttal by Waldo Granse and Ralph Morley, Jr., could not be outdone in High School work. All who heard the debate felt that it was hard to make a decision.

THENCEAN

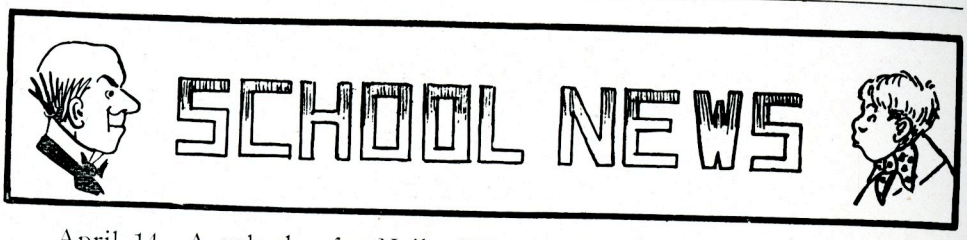
"Typhoid Mary," Beulah Packard.
"Alfred Noyes, poet," Dorothy Spence.
"Mining a Mountain of Gold in Alaska," Grace Perry.
"Jitney Bus," Helen Roberts.
"A Reading by Riley," Henrietta Seitner.
"World Wide Hobo" (Livingston), Florence Spencer.

G. C. L. S.

April 24—"Millionaire Homes in Finland," was given by Helen Feldman.
"How to Get Strong and Stay So," by Lillian Prottengier.
"Friendship Village Travel Club," Lucille Ohland.
"French Hospital Automobile," Vera Southwell.
"Henry Ford," Helen McLeod.

A. L. S.

April 23—"The Panama Exposition," Myra Wallace.
"Joshua Reynolds," Ruth Heston.
"Madame Schumann-Heink," Marguerite Cushway.
"George Bernard Shaw," Ethel Ryckman.



April 14—A gala day for Neil. His friend returned.

April 15—U. of M. boys entertain in chapel, pulling stunts in keeping with the logic of some of the student body.

April 16—Howard in Room 7 mistook the ninth hour bell for curfew and in consequence greatly amused his victims.

April 17—Girls, our good-looking baseball team requires your attendance at the games.

April 18—More notable birthdays!

April 20—The "School News" writer received an unexpected surprise while watching maneuvers in the librarian's desk.

April 21—Chapel. Margaret Malcolm wanted to see her name in print. Here is, MARGARET MALCOLM.

April 27—Chapel. The Freshmen still stumble upstairs.

April 28—Upper class chapel. A study in supervised singing.

May 1—Girls ! Inspiration helps a ball team.

May 2—Deacon Louden begins duties.

May 3—A new hymn is dedicated to Neil.

May 4—Rumors that the Franklin will close soon. Student body much depressed.

May 5—Junior Play contemplated.

May 6—Certain Seniors a bit nervous.

May 7—Senior Play a great success. Record audience.

May 8-9—'Tis a slow fish that gets stept on.

May 10—Certain misinformed students attempt to attend night school but forget to return books.

May 11—Student Lantern staff announced.

May 12—Authorities put ban on Junior Play.

May 13—A Seniors' gala day. How was the Junior Prom at Hotchkiss, Sophomore?

May 16—A modern play. Title: "All on a Sunday afternoon. Scene: A parlor. Time: A good time.

Cast:

Mary Jarum, Robert Hollel—victims of Cupid.
Frederick Lannon, Margaret Macom—who quarrel.
Lillian West, Hackney Kneeling—chaperones.
Lucy Carrel, Gerald McGerald—?
Laura Towne, Dicus Walls—?
Letus Listen—maid.

Theater

Senior Play.

Under the capable tutelage of Misses Bertha Blanchard and Charlotte Denfeld, of the Saginaw High School faculty, the class of 1915 of Saginaw High put on one of the most successful Senior Plays ever presented by a graduating class, at the Germania Hall, Friday night, before an audience which greatly exceeded the seating capacity of the building. Several were turned away before the performance began because of lack of accommodation. The play presented by the cast, which included seventeen members of the 1915 class, was entitled, "The Strenuous Life," anl was a wholesome comedy, full of laughs.

Tom Harrington, a young college student, has acquired the habits of a spendthrift, and besides spending his allowance from home, he becomes indebted to all his friends and anyone who will trust him. While on a "spree," the night before the action of the play commences, he meets a beautiful girl and falls in love with her. Several complications arrive and to keep above board Tom is put to all sorts of resources. A freshman and professor who arrive at the boarding-house are immediately given each other's identity. Tom's father and sister arrive for a day, and the girl he met while on his tear comes to the college to receive instruction. Tom's very inventive brain is taxed for explanations, but finally everything turns out right, and Tom vows never to tell another lie.

William Bandemer as Tom Harrington won the admiration of the audience for his clever portrayal of the part. His handling of the situation all the way through the performance was the work of a veteran. Otto Rhode made an excellent father to Tom, and his very pompous carriage, and stern bass voice, were well in harmony with the requirements of the role. Lizette McCormick as his daughter was good, and caused many hearty laughs by her clever interpretation of her part. Kurt Opperman as Reggie Black, Tom's roommate, was a very easily led companion and proved a great friend in need. As James Roberts, freshman, Richard Townsend was the scream of the evening. His interpretation of the part of the rather effeminate young man was unique. William Granse as the new professor who was converted into a freshman handled his part with ease and very capably. Frederick Plambeck, as Dan Davenant, an old miner who brings his daughter to college, was also good. His drawling western twang put the correct atmosphere into his role

in a fine manner. Floyd Cole as Professor Magee, gym teacher of the college, had a short role but he went through his part very capably and without fault. Munro Fox was the intelligent Japanese schoolboy whose entire English vocabulary consisted of the single word, "Yis." Florence Gubtil as Mrs. Wiggonton Wiggins and Leah Polson as Widow Maquire were another pair of laugh provokers. Alfred Gudritz was a good "tough guy," in the part of Dawley, a collector. Sidney Sayre, as Marion Davenant, Tom's sweetheart, made a very winsome lassie. Bernice Stranahan was a modest and quiet little miss as Mrs. Wiggin's niece. Her interpretation of the role was excellent. Shirley Corrigan, Lawrence Heilbronn and Walter Payne were three freshmen. The property managers were William Wickes, John Wickes, and Stewart Howson.

Both financially and literally the play was a wonderful success. A record was established in the advance sale of tickets, which amounted to more than 700. More than $168 was cleared. The class wishes to acknowledge the kind assistance of the following, who loaned us scenery, properties, costumes, and services: Heavenrich Bros., Griggs & Butenschoen, Germain, Stanick, Schmelzer, Roethke, Mrs. Ude and Soule Delivery.

Social

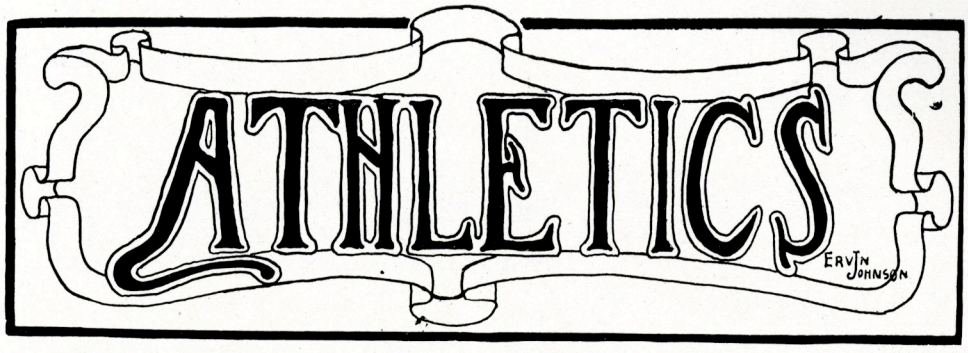
On April 16, 1915, there was in the gymnasium of the Saginaw High School inaugurated an entirely new custom, which had heretofore been much talked of but never attempted. The idea originated with the principal, Mr. W. W. Warner, and as a result committees were chosen from the different grades to voice their opinions on the subject. The underlying purpose of this custom is to bring the students of the High School together in such a way that they may become better acquainted with each other.

The first two of such meetings have taken the form of dancing from 4 to 6 in the afternoon.

The early hours make it possible for those who live outside of the city to take part without any inconvenience.

It is evident from the cordial support and enthusiasm accorded the plan that it meets with the approval of the entire student body. As further evidence of the true school spirit many of the students placed their musical ability at the disposal of the committee in charge.

The first two may without exaggeration be considered unqualified successes and it is hoped that they will continue to be so in the future.



Saginaw Independents

St. Louis cancelled their game with us and as Manager Gust of the Independents was looking for an opener for his team he brought them to the field and gave us some very good experience, although it took ten innings and three pitchers to do it. Our old friends, Gord and Kip Rice and Norm Spencer worked for the Independents and the whole High School team played a good game, especially Bricker and McCorkle.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10—R	H	E
Independents	0	1	0	0	4	2	0	1	0	2—10	12	4
High School	1	0	0	2	0	0	1	3	1	1— 9	11	3

H. Hickey, Spencer, C. Rice and G. Rice; Buetow, Klumpp, Barth and Weadock.

Bay City Western

Our first Valley game was played in a drizzle of fine rain which lasted through the last seven innings and turned the game into a "Comedy of Errors," although Bay City, of course, profited by our misplays. Barth pitched great ball and had he been held up by the team, Saginaw's start in the race would have been a trifle more interesting. Wild heaves were responsible for most of Bay City's runs as they had but one earned run chalked up to their credit.

Western	0	0	4	1	2	0	0	1	0	— 8
Saginaw	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	— 7

Pacynski and Pittsley; Klumpp and Barth.

Bay City Eastern

Saginaw's inability to hit in pinches was responsible for our second defeat in the Valley race. The Bay City pitchers, both left handers, were able to get away with the game because the heavy end of our batting order couldn't touch the ball with the bases loaded. Burger, Slazinski and LaVic-

taire played well for Eastern—Burger's double cinching the game. Saginaw played a good game in the field but the left handers proved too much of an obstacle for our swatters, Paysiuski and Pittsley; Barth and Weadock.

Eastern	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	— 4
Saginaw	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	— 1

E. Slazinski, LaVictaire and Stiles; Barth, Beutow and Weadock.

Arthur Hill

This game was perhaps more dear to both teams than any other on the schedules and after twelve innings of close baseball we had to lose our third straight game to our friends across the river. Saginaw took an early lead and two runs came across, but Arthur Hill took a 6-2 lead in second inning, and although Saginaw tied the score in the next frame Brooks began to pitch better ball. At the beginning of the ninth S. H. S. was two runs ahead, but a pretty single by Captain Benway scored two runs to tie. From then until the twelfth inning Brooks and Barth pitched great ball and the finish was just what the Black and Gold have had to expect the last two years. For Saginaw our inability to get to Brooks and to get the breaks proved our downfall. Klumpp and Barth pitched great ball for the East Siders and Benway, Brooks and Barrett starred for A. H.

Saginaw	2	0	0	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	— 8
Arthur Hill.....	0	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1 — 9

Brooks and Goodsell; Beutow, Klumpp, Barth and Weadock.

Triangular Track Meet

Bay City Eastern, Arthur Hill and Saginaw hooked up in a meet at Alumni Field on the morning of the 15th, Arthur Hill coming out victorious by one point. Saginaw's men, however, guaranteed the Black and Gold lots of hope for the future meets, especially Gudritz, Steinhagen, Mateva, Schmelzer, Hale and Shepherd.

"Alf" Gudritz was elected captain by our "S" men of last year after the meet, and we as a school certainly wish you luck, "Alf."

The summary:

100-yard Dash—Orr (A. H.), first; Matevia (S.), second; Schmelzer (S.), third; Burger (B. C.), fourth.

Shot-put—Richter (A. H.), first; LaVictaire (B. C.), second; H. Spaulding (A. H.), third; Goodsell (A. H.), fourth.

Broad Jump—H. Spaulding (A. H.), first; Richter (A. H.), second; Matevia (S.), third; Gudritz (S.), fourth.

440-yard Dash—Steinhagen (S.), first; Jerome (A. H.), second; Hamill (B. C.), third; Dangle (B. C.), fourth.

220-yard Low Hurdles—Spaulding (A. H.), first; Gudritz (S.), second; Burger (B. C.), third; Kerr (B. C.), fourth.

High Jump—Hamill (B. C.), first; Stark (A. H.), second; Jerome (A. H.), third; Steinhagen (S.), fourth.

Mile Run—Kerr (B. C.), first; Stark, (A. H.), second; Kay (B. C.), third; Shepherd (S.), fourth.

Discus—LaVictaire (B. C.), first; Matevia (S.), second; Bau (S.), third; Spaulding (A. H.), fourth.

220-yard Dash—Gudritz (S.), first; Saginaw and Bay City split remaining six points.

Pole Vault—Richter (A. H.), and Shepherd (S.) tied for first; Carman (S.), third; Andrykowski (S.), fourth.

Half mile run—Kerr (B. C.), first; Steinhagen (S.), second; Stark (A. H.), third; Partridge (S.), fourth.

Hammer Throw—Miller (B. C.), first; Goodsell (A. H.), second; Lawton (B. C.), third; Bau (S.) and Schmidt (S.) tied for fourth.

120-yard High Hurdles—Moulthrop (B. C.), first; Spaulding (A. H.), second; Matevia (S.), third; Jerome (A. H.), fourth.

Half-mile Relay—Won by Saginaw (Schmelzer, Hale, Matevia, Gudritz)

A little girl, trvealing with her parent,s greatly objected to being put in an upper berth. She was assured that mamma, papa and God would watch over her. At last she was settled in her berth and the passengers were quiet for the night, when a small voice piped:

"Mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Now, go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, dear, I'm here, go to sleep like a good girl."

This continued at intervals for some time until a fellow passenger lost patience and called:

"We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sister and uncles and aunts and cousins. All here, now go to sleep!"

There was a brief pause after this explosion. Then the tiny voice piped up again very softly:

"Mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"Was that God?"

The Beacon, Detroit, Mich.—"Student Lantern, Saginaw High School, Saginaw, Mich. Congratulations. May your prosperity continue."

The Camosun, Victoria, B. C.—"Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich. This is a good magazine, well edited, and we are glad to receive it. Like the Camosun, it is introducing a new exchange system. The Lantern discusses the various characteristics of its exchanges, one at a time; for instance in the January issue it extols the excellencies of the various covers of different magazines and occasionally points where they could be improved. This system should certainly be welcomed by all the Lantern's exchanges and it also proves of interest to the general readers—it is sure to be a success."

The Vindex, Elmira, N. Y.—"Student Lantern, your cuts are exceptionally good and the stories are exceedingly interesting."

The Tiger, San Francisco, Cal.—"The Student Lantern, from Saginaw, Mich., contains a consistent literary department. Although there are only two stories, they are exceedingy good. The 'Monologue in a Class Room' is clever. A fly leaf and a few more cuts of better quality would improve your paper."

Nor'easter, Kansas City, Mo.—"The Student Lantern published by Saginaw High School Lyceum, Saginaw, Michigan, is a most excellent paper. Your jokes are very clever. Let us hear from you again."

The Oracle, Jamaica High School, New York City—"Student Lantern: Congratulations! You have succeeded in producing an excellent paper. Your manner of criticising exchanges is most commendable and shows much ingenuity on the part of your editor. Your entire paper contains good reading matter."

The Optimist, Bloomington, Indiana—"The Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich., has certainly made a mistake in calling the cover design of our Christmas issue (along with others) gaudy, inartistic, harsh or inharmonious. The March issue of the Student Lantern was good and had a pleasing cover."

The Oracle, Jamaica High School, New York City—"The Student Lantern of Saginaw High School, Mich., gives a list of papers whose covers are classified in the third class. Jamaica High School Oracle appears in this list. It says our cover is neat, artistic and effective, but does not deserve to be in classes one or two because it is not the work of a student. They suggest that we try to find artists in our school and see if they can not do work equally as good as the handiwork of the printers. Note.—In reply, let us say that our present cover was designed by a former student of Jamaica High School and is not the handiwork of the printer."

The Thistle, Scott High School, Toledo, Ohio—"The Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich. Your exchange editor handles his department in a clear and logical manner. He is evidently well versed in the essential elements of amateur publications. Your cover design has action and force, but the drawing is rather sketchy."

Vindex, Elmira, N. Y.—"Student Lantern is a very interesting paper. Every department has something in it worth reading. Your cover design is good and your jokes are very clever."

The Lafayette Oracle, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.—"The Student Lantern, Saginaw H. S., Saginaw, Mich.—Cannot 'An Ode to the Auto' be more widely circulated? It voices such widely felt, pent-up feelings, a sort of lamentation of the twentieth century."

The Echo, Nashville, Tenn.—"Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich. You have a 'cracker jack' literary department. Don Carlos is some author."

Shamokin High School Review, Shamokin, Pa.—"Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich. Your paper is also among the best we receive and shows that you take great interest in it."

Skirmisher, Hillsdale—"Said and Done from Muskegon—But this 'Student Lantern' from Saginaw is a pretty close second. Good idea to have a serial story like that."

Big Stack, Anaconda, Mont.—"The Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich. You have a very good paper. We hope to add your paper to our regular list of exchanges."

Optimist, Bloomington, Indiana—"The Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich. You have a fine looking magazine and a very good contents and the best joke department we have seen. Keep up the good work."

The Courant, Bradford, Pa.—"The Student Lantern. We certainly feel honored to be on the limited exchange list of so good a paper as yours."

Sherlock Again

"How much money did he say he had?"

"He didn't say."

"A-ha! Then he has untold wealth!"

Get the Man Higher Up

A young lawyer had been appointed to defend a negro who was too poor to employ counsel for himself. Eager for an acquittal the young attorney challenged several jurors who, he said, might have a prejudice against his client.

"Are there any others?" he whispered to the negro.

"No, boss," said the defendant, "but Ah wants yo ter challenge dat Judge. Ah'se been convicted undah him several times now and Ah think he's got er prejudice erginst me."

Her Sarcasm

"It is half-past one o'clock!" severely said Mrs. Gnagaway. "What kept you from getting home until this untimely hour?"

"I was detained at the office, making out statements," replied her husband.

"And that is one of the statements, I presume?"

A Journalistic Tip

Daily Cub: "What shall I head this story about the two peroxide blondes who threw a fit at the game Saturday?"

Editor: "Why, you poor boob, just say 'The Bleachers Went Wild.'"

But a Moment.

I saw her but a moment
Beneath the apple tree;
There was no one to listen,
No eyes were there to see.
I heard her soft voice singing,
Her song was one of love;
Her bright eyes seemed to borrow
Light from the stars above.
I saw her but a moment
As 'neath the tree she sat;
I threw at her the poker—
She was—my neighbor's cat.

Making Up the Deficit

The arithmetic lesson that day had been hard and trying, and now, at the closing hour, Schmidt stood before the teacher, waiting to hear results.

"Your last problem is wrong," was the verdict. "You will have to stay after school and do it again."

Fred looked at the clock. "Tell me, please, how much am I out?" he asked.

"Your answer is two cents short."

Schmidt's hand dived into his pocket where his most treasured possessions were stored. Swiftly he separated two pennies from a bunch of strings, a penknife, some marbles and pieces of chalk.

"I'm in a hurry, sir," he said; "if you don't mind I'll pay the difference."

Of Course He Could

Mr. McClelland: "Do you think you can support her?"

"Yes, sir; I've already tried it," said Stewie, as he smoothed the wrinkles out of his trousers.

Hasters: "There are not enough napkins to go around, I'm afraid."

Englishman: "Is that another bally custom of the country? We wear them in front in England, doncherknow."

Think It Over

Jones was reading in the paper a description of a society function in which Mrs. Jones had figured prominently.

"The beauty and modishness of her Parisian toilet," he read, "beggared description."

Jones jingled a bunch of keys and a button in his pocket and murmured sympathetically: "Et tu, description."

What is the difference between an old woman of sixty and a young girl of sixteen?

One is careless and happy, and the other is hairless and cappy.

What horrible death does a sculptor die?

He makes faces and busts.

How many came out of the ark before Noah?

Three. Noah came forth (fourth).

A burglar who had entered a poor clerk's house at midnight was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the room he was in. Drawing his revolver, he said, "If you stir you are a dead man; I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the clerk, "and I'll hunt with you."

A piece of Limburger cheese is like a tack—one can always find it in the dark.

"What is your trade?" he asked.

The prisoner, who was caught in a gambling house, replied, "I'm a locksmith."

"What were you doing when the police entered?"

"I was making a bolt for the door."

A countryman on a visit to a city happened to see a sign, "Cast iron sinks." He looked at it a moment and then said, "Any fool knows that."

A very pretty girl from a Western town was the latest arrival at a select boarding school in Massachusetts. Being pretty and well-dressed, she became very popular. She was elected to be an usher for the monthly musicale, and, being painfully shy, she was much wrought up over it. She never could do it — no never! But the election was positive—there was no drawing out. The evening found her a perfect flutter of pink frills, waiting to receive the early comers. Each of the other young women who were acting in this capacity bore forward and Elsie found herself inquiring of an old very and elegant gentleman, in a voice scarcely audible, "Sir, shall I show you to a seat?"

"What, what, what?" demanded the austere old fellow, holding his hand to his ear.

"Sir," she screamed, in a flustered voice, "shall I sew you to a sheet?"

The lover who is fired with passion for the daughter is often put out by the father.

A school teacher was trying to impress upon a scholar's mind that Columbus discovered America in 1492.

"Now, John," he said, "I will tell you the date so that you won't forget it. In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, .Columbus .sailed. the ocean blue. Now, can you remember that, John?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

The next day the teacher said: "John, when did Columbus discover America?"

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-three Columbus sailed the dark blue sea."

Jim: "Help me on with my overcoat, my peach."

Jessie: "I'm not your peach, I'm your lemon, and if you want lemon aid you know what to do."

So Jim promptly squeezed his lemon.

"My wife," he proudly said, "has made me what I am."

"That's the way with a man," replied Mrs. Strongmind, "always blaming it on the woman."

The Ways of Chivalry

"What, ho, varlet!" cried the haughty baron, striding into the tailor's shop. "Warm weather draweth on apace; fashion me a summer suit straightway!"

"Anon, your lordship," replied the tailor; "though, if I might venture to remind your lordship," he added timidly, "the bill for your lordship's last winter suit doth yet remain unp—"

"Peace, thou botching rogue!" thundered the baron, drawing his sword. "A thin suit of the latest mode and perfect fit instanter! Else, by my troth, will I slit thy knave's weazand!"

"At once, my lord, at once!" promised the trembling tailor. "To the bellows, Barnaby! Fetch rivets, Jock! Bustle, drones, bustle!" Then seizing his tin shears, he began to snip his lightest-weight galvanized iron in feverish haste.

It has been asked if our dumb animals are ever of the feminine gender. Oh, yes; there's Ella Phant, Aunt Elope, Anna Conda, Allie Gaiter, Moll Usks, Polly Wogg and Liz Ard.

"Johnnie."

"Yes'm"

"Why are you sitting on that boy's face?"

"Why, I—"

"Did I not tell you to always count a hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy?"

"Yes'm, and I'm doin' it; I'm just sittin' on his face so he'll be here when I'm done countin' the hundred."

Waiting for His Cue.

Traveling salesman to colored porter: "What's your name, boy?"

"George Washington Johnson, but da calls me Billiard Ball."

"How's that?"

"Case I moves much faster when Ise hit with a tip."

The Barefoot Boy.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with old tin can,
With your trousers out at knees,
And your shirt flung to the breeze,
All the world may see your wish,
Just to steal away and fish;
Now your can is full of worms,
See that big one, how it squirms.
Gee! the river's fine today—
But it always is in May.
Kid, I hope your luck is great
I used to dig worms for bait.

At a recent wedding the bride was Miss Jane Helper, and the bridegroom was Mr. Newton Lord. The bridegroom, however, was very angry when he saw in the newspaper an account of their wedding, headed in the usual way: "Lord-Helper."

Financial Statement of Senior Play, Class of 1915, May 14, 1915

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES		
Door sales	$ 66.50	Hall Rent, Germania	$25.00	
Student sales per Miss Kitchen	185.00	Preparatory School Play Bureau, royalty	10.00	
		Germain Piano Co., piano and drayage	6.00	
		D. A. Russo, music	15.50	
		Jas. Kanaly, window cards.	2.25	
		George Steet, programs	2.75	
		E. D. Francke, rent four doz. chairs	2.00	
		W. B. Topham & Sons, horse and wagon	1.50	
		W. J. McCron, tickets	2.50	
		Adolph Berka, costumes	1.00	
		Witters' Laundry, laundry work	.20	
		J. Stanick, make-ups, etc.	4.65	
		Wm. Roethke Floral Co., decorations and flowers	6.00	
		Postage, return of copies of the play	.06	
		Johnson, drayage scenery from Academy	.50	
		Pressing of Uniform	.50	
			$ 80.41	
		Balance in bank, net gain	$171.09	
	$251.50	Total		$251.50

Financial Statement of Athletic Association, May 14, 1915

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS		
Balance forward from last report	$346.02	Morley Bros., athletic supplies	$33.20	
Bay City Western game	$ 7.15	Bay City Western Manager, expenses	5.00	
Bay City Eastern game	7.70	Umpire Bay City Western game	2.50	
	$ 14.85	Michigan Interscholastic League Dues	2.03	
		Bay City Eastern Manager expenses	6.00	
		Umpire Bay City Eastern game	2.50	
		H. W. Lichtner, mirror	.10	
		Michigan Light Co., gas, Oct. 20 to Apr. 24	21.60	
			$ 72.93	
		Balance in bank	287.94	
Total to account for	$360.87	Total		$360.87

Financial Statement of Student Lantern, May 14, 1915

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS		
Balance forward from last report	$158.20	W. J. McCron, April issue	$82.00	
Circulation since last report	$30.77	C. E. White, photo work, April issue	1.00	
Advertising since last report	68.80	Kurt Oppermann, postage for Exchanges	.28	
	93.57	Martha Adomeit, prize story, April issue	1.00	
				84.28
		Balance in bank		167.49
Total to account for	$251.77	Total		$251.77

Circulation Manager's Report April Issue Student Lantern

Copies printed	500		
Cash sales	142	$14.20	
Credit sales	186	18.60	
Adv. comps.	55		
Exchanges	45		
Subscriptions	3		
Copies per Ed.	10		
Comps.	49		
On hand	10		
	500	500	$32.80
Due March issue			3.70
			$36.50
Due April credits			3.75
Postage			.23
Total to account for			$32.52

Received cash sales	$14.20
Received credit sales	14.85
Received March issue	3.70
	$32.75
Postage	.23
Total accounted for	$32.52
Paid Faculty Treasurer	30.77
Cash on hand	$ 1.75

(Signed) CHAS. H. CUMMINGS,
Circulation Manager.

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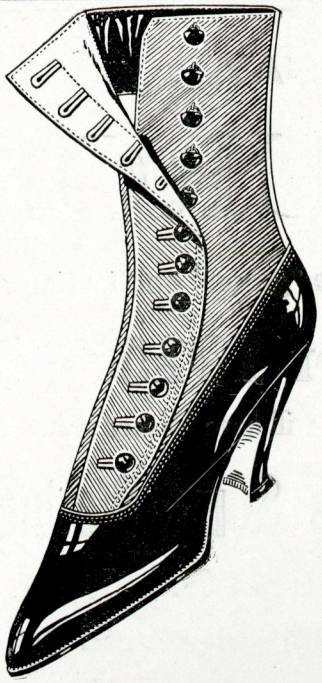

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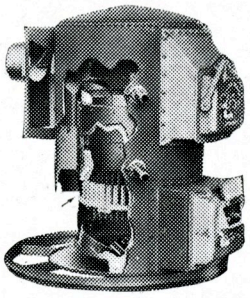

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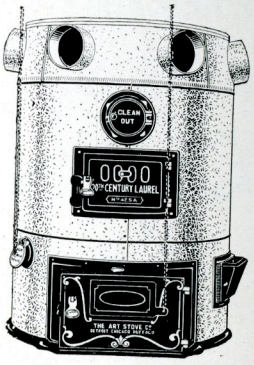

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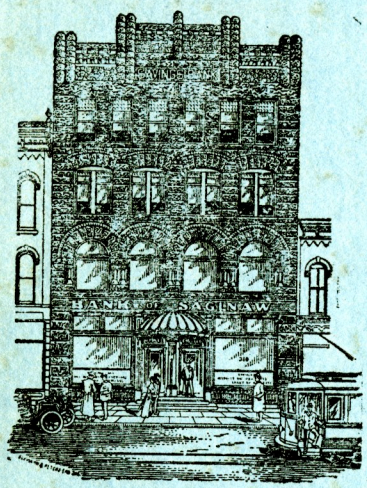

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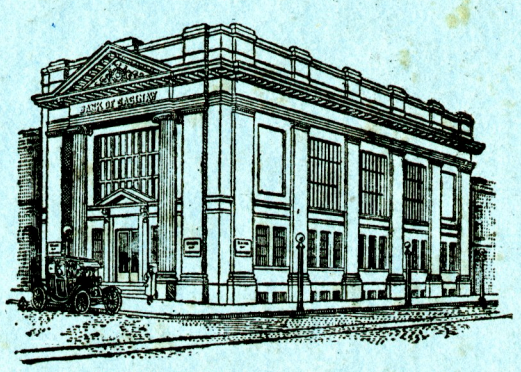

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